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CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM:
MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT.



CAPTAIN OF THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM:
MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN.

THE FIRST POST-WAR CONTEST FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: THE LEADERS OF THE RIVAL TEAMS REPRESENTING ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The international polo matches, resumed this year for the first time since 1914, begin at Hurlingham on June 18. They have aroused enormous interest. Major Vivian Lockett, the English captain, known to his intimates as "Slackett," played back against America both in 1913 and 1914. He is also a brilliant No. 3, in which position he has played with the famous team of the 17th Lancers, which won the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental Tournament last year and carried

all before it in the India Inter-Regimental before the war. The American captain, familiarly known as "Dev." Milburn, is a native of Buffalo, and began to play polo when he was twelve. Later, he went to Oxford and played for the University, but deserted polo for rowing and was in the Oxford boat in 1902 and 1903. He played for America at polo in 1909 at Hurlingham, and in 1911, 1913 and 1914 at Meadow Brook, U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUGH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is already a tragic commonplace that we were told last week that Will Crooks had died; and that, even then, to talk of Mr. William Crooks was like talking of one who had never lived. And in his case the popular prefix was appropriate in more ways than one, and in some ways that may not be immediately realised. It may be noted that it is not given to Labour leaders of the more pedantic and denationalised type. I never heard anybody refer to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as Ram. I gravely doubt whether anyone thinks of Mr. Philip Snowden as Phil. These men, whether for good or evil, keep about them all the dry dignity of what is called the educated class. But it arises inevitably in connection with Labour men who, whatever their other qualities, have something about them that is representative in the real sense; men who are not merely English representatives, but also representative Englishmen. No two men in the world could well be more different, considered as individuals, than Mr. Will Crooks and Mr. Ben Tillett. But it seems quite as unnatural to talk of Benjamin Tillett as of William Crooks; and the nearest we can get to the reason is that there was a certain simplicity in their source of inspiration. Tillett is by temper a revolutionist, and was never more so than when he lent his patriotic energy to pull down the insolent imperialism of Prussia. Crooks was by temper a conservative, and never more so than when he tried to conserve the livelihood and decencies of the poor amid the anarchy of industrial capitalism. But what was common to both of them was that the original movement in their minds was one which could be expressed in simple terms, like the words of a song or a prayer. It is true that the song of Mr. Crooks would probably be a hymn; and the most famous prayer of Mr. Tillett was of the nature of a curse. For the former was a good Christian of the Non-conformist tradition; and the latter would view the relations of religion and vengeance more rather in the spirit of Alan Breck.

But the point is that the primary motive was, in both cases, of the direct and human sort that simple men everywhere can understand. One was angry with tyrants, and the other was sorry for slaves; and these are sentiments that can always be put in plain words. Now, the theoretic preference for a certain sort of Socialist State cannot be put in plain words. It is generally put in preposterously polysyllabic and pedantic words. To suppose that the mass of hard-working men all over the world have spontaneously developed an onward spiritual hunger for "the assumption by the State of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange," is quite wild. It is to suppose that a crossing-sweeper is always talking about his "assumption" of a broom and a badge, that an agricultural labourer invariably refers to the "maximum production" of his kitchen garden in the matter of turnips, or that a rat-catcher in a village public-house is careful to call for the "adequate distribution" of five pots of beer.

But it is not only the language in which the idea is clothed, it is the idea itself that is, whether it be right or wrong, equally remote from this

popular simplicity. To make the central government the owner of everything, or (as half of them would probably put it) to give all the land to the King, is an idea that might easily have strong and special reasons to recommend it, but it would never be in the true sense a popular idea. It is not simple enough; its benefits are not sufficiently obvious; its traditional terrors very great. It is much more likely to be imposed by a despot, and even by a wise and well-meaning despot, upon a democracy, than really to be demanded by a democracy for itself. There is a strong case for it in social science, considered as a system; but the plan of Collectivism has always about it something of the plans drawn on paper by officialism and even militarism. I do not mean, as some do, that it could never be possible; I mean that it could never be popular. It could never be popular in the immediate, human, unhindered way in which a man like Will Crooks could be popular.

nobody, on such occasions, could have made fun of Crooks; he was too funny. Max himself would have appreciated him far too much to wish to draw him; and certainly would never have drawn him as a bumptious Bolshevik. Indeed, Max and Crooks, at the extremes of fantastic contrast in type and fashion, were both alike in a certain conservatism founded on amusement; and I am much more of a Bolshevik than either of them.

That he stood for the pathos as well as the humour of a sort of Dickens tradition is also admitted; but we hardly draw the right moral from the admission. The truth is that the large humanity of Crooks was a good deal wasted on an apparent political alternative, in which one side was inhuman in the moral and the other in the intellectual sense. He had apparently to choose between Capitalism and Collectivism; and, like most other humane men, he preferred Collectivism,

though in a healthy and hazy fashion. But his real interest was not so much in the democracy's small amount of public life, as rather in its gigantic private life. And what was regarded by many as his sentiment, or even sentimentalism, might really have been the basis of a new sociology. It might have been a sociology that was really democratic, in being distributive. It might have established homes with a small "h" instead of Homes with a large one. It might have prevented wedding-rings being pawned, instead of merely allowing Duchesses to be divorced. He understood the whole thing in practice, but he never covered it with a theory. He was far from being merely a sentimentalist; he was rather a realist; but that alone will not make a man a revolutionist.



LECTURER ON "THE DEVELOPMENT AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY,"
AT KING'S COLLEGE: PROFESSOR EINSTEIN; WITH HIS WIFE AND LORD HALDANE.

The greatest interest has been taken in the visit of Professor Einstein to this country. A special correspondent of the "Times" describes him as follows: "The dominant impression made on one by Professor Einstein's personality is that of a gentle serenity. His theory has been described as revolutionary, but, however wild and subversive it may appear to the more staid exponents of Victorian physics, the man himself has nothing of the crank in his manner or appearance. . . . He is a man of medium height and solidly built, but although his frame conveys no impression of weakness, he appears much older than his forty-three years. His plentiful hair has many grey streaks in it, and his eyes, with a hint of tiredness in them, are surrounded by many and deep lines. It is the face of a man, as one is immediately aware, who lives very much in his mind."—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]

Moreover, there was another note in this use of a name with the levity of a nickname, and that was the national note. Crooks was enormously English, one might say incredibly English, in strength and weakness; and in nothing more than in thus disarming satire by despising dignity. The poor are the most national part of every nation. And he really did represent the English poor in this—that he was so humorous as to accept humour as the atmosphere of life, as the medium in which men moved, like fantastic fishes in a clear sea of irony. There was nothing classical about his ideal world; it was altogether a Dickens world, in which there could be nothing better than to be a good man like Joe Gargery or Captain Cuttle. And he was himself so good a man that he could really stand in public in this unaffected posture, admitting his own amusement and even his own bewilderment. To listen to his speeches in public, or his anecdotes in private, was to walk into a world really too comic for satire. If I might criticise a splendid satirist, who is usually as exact as he is extravagant, I think Mr. Max Beerbohm has lately been less successful in making fun of labour than he has always been in making fun of luxury. But

dignities of the poorer citizens, that has incessantly gone on ever since capitalist industrialism began, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A man realising this does not see merely the success of a few great Trusts, or even great Trades Unions. He sees the failure of innumerable small shops. He does not merely see the good politician granting reforms, or even the bad politician refusing reforms; he sees the bad pawnbroker bullying women and the bad money-lender selling up sticks. He does not lament for the loss of some Bill in Parliament or some Member out of Parliament half so much as he laments for the loss of grandfather's clock or grandmother's teapot. For him, in short, the real modern tragedy is the ceaseless destruction of the private property of the poor. It is not that the working classes have not gained some public good they have never had; it is rather that they have steadily lost the private goods they had before. Upon that realisation a drastic democratic reform might have been raised. It would always have needed a more theoretic idealist as well. But the man who might have provided the right knowledge, and the right passion, has passed away.

A TOPICAL MISCELLANY: TROPHIES; "TINO'S" FOES; "MAY" WEEK.

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THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1921: A 16TH CENTURY DESIGN.



THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT, 1921: A SILVER TWO-HANDLED VASE.



THE KING'S GOLD VASE, ASCOT, 1921: A FLAXMAN DESIGN.



THE AMERICA POLO CUP: AGAIN BEING CONTESTED AT HURLINGHAM.



TURKISH NATIONALISTS AND THEIR REPAIRED GUNS: (A) NEW PARTS MADE BY TURKS; (B) CAPTAIN DJAVID BEY, ARTILLERY REPAIR OFFICER, WITH REPAIRED GUN; (C) KEMAL PASHA (CENTRE); (D) A TURKISH MILITARY HOSPITAL, ESKI-SHEHR; (E) ISMET PASHA, CHIEF OF STAFF, COMMANDING ON ESKI-SHEHR FRONT.



"MAY" WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE: A GAY SCENE ON THE RIVER DURING ONE OF THE BUMPING RACES.



A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING: "GENERAL" BRAMWELL BOOTH MARRYING HIS SON, "CAPTAIN" BERNARD BOOTH, TO "CAPTAIN" JANE LOWTHER.

The Ascot Gold Cup, the Royal Hunt Cup, and the King's Gold Vase for this year were all designed and made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., Goldsmiths to the Crown.—The International Polo Cup, which is the original trophy, was first won by England in 1886, regained by America in 1909, and won by England again in 1914.—After the Armistice, Turkish artillery in Anatolia was dismantled by the British, who removed breech-blocks, range-finders, and other essential parts. These parts have been re-made, in railway machine shops at Eski-Shehr, by the Turks

under the direction of Captain Djavid Bey, artillery officer. The first photograph (A) shows some of the new parts, and in (B) the new breech-block of the gun and other new parts may be noted by their shiny appearance. Ismet Pasha, Chief of the Nationalist General Staff, commands on the Eski-Shehr front.—The May Races at Cambridge ended on the 11th.—The wedding of "General" Booth's elder son, "Staff-Captain" Bernard Bramwell Booth, to "Captain" Jane Lowther, took place at the Central Hall, Westminster, June 11. "General" Booth officiated.

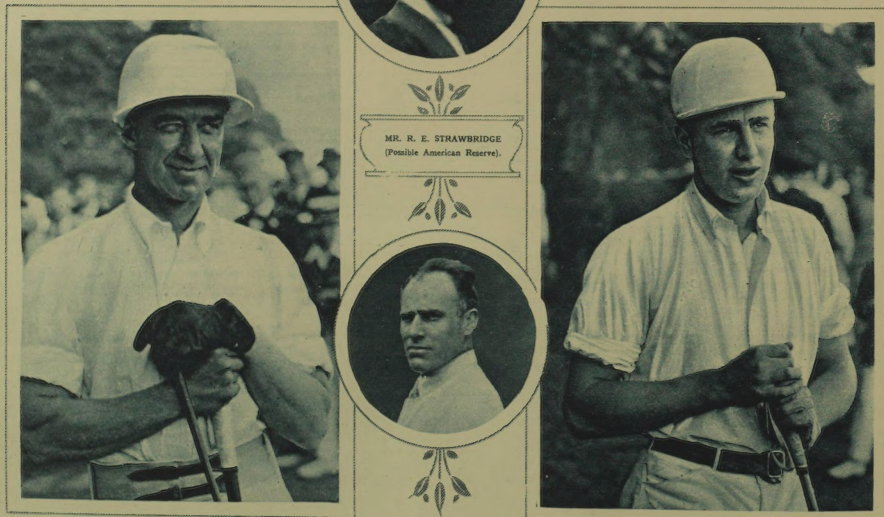
THE GREAT POLO TESTS AT HURLINGHAM: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



AMERICA'S NO. 1: MR. LOUIS STODDARD.

AMERICA'S NO. 3: MR. J. WATSON WEBB.



THE AMERICAN BACK: MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN (CAPTAIN).

MR. C. C. RUMSEY
(Possible American Reserve).

AMERICA'S NO. 2: MR. T. HITCHCOCK.

The first of the International Polo Test Matches in this year's contest has been fixed to take place at Hurlingham on June 18. Each team, of course, consists of four players. The larger portraits above show those selected on either side at the time of writing, while the smaller photographs are of available players in reserve. Changes in the teams may possibly be made at the last moment. Portraits of the two captains, Major Vivian Lockett (England) and Mr. Devereux Milburn (America), appear on our front page, with some details of their past records. Of the other Americans, Mr. Louis Stoddard came to England as a "spare" in 1909 and played in the second international match of 1913 at Meadow Brook; Mr. J. Watson Webb is left-handed and very tall; Mr. "Tommy" Hitchcock is the youngest member of the team, and an Oxford undergraduate;

INTERNATIONAL TEAMS, WITH AVAILABLE RESERVES.

C.N. AND RUCH.

ENGLAND'S NO. 3: MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT
(CAPTAIN).MAJOR J. F. HARRISON
(Possible English Reserve).

ENGLAND'S NO. 2: MAJOR F. W. BARRETT.



ENGLAND'S BACK: LORD WODEHOUSE.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL T. P. MELVILL
(Possible English Reserve).ENGLAND'S NO. 1: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
H. A. TOMKINSON.

his father, also an Oxonian, captained the first American international polo team in 1886; Mr. Earl W. Hopping is a well-known New York business man; Mr. C. C. Rumsey, who is a sculptor, has played with Mr. Milburn since they were boys together at Buffalo. Of the English players, Major Barrett captained the victorious English team in 1914; Lord Wodehouse is the back of the famous Old Cantab team that won the championship last year; Lieutenant-Colonel Tomkinson was England's No. 1 in 1914; Captain E. W. E. Palmes was a reserve for England in 1911: he had won distinction in Indian tournaments with the 10th Hussars; Lieutenant-Colonel Melvill is in the 17th Lancers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter in the 4th Dragoon Guards.

A POPULAR EVENT OF THE SEASON: THE RICHMOND ROYAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUCH.



WINNER OF TWO PRIZES: MISS BARRY WITH HER HACK, NICOLETTE.



WITH SIR HOWARD FRANK'S CHAMPION HACK, LIGHTHOUSE: MISS DOREEN FRANK.

HORSE SHOW; INCLUDING THE COACHING MARATHON.

C.N., L.N.A., AND G.P.U.



WINNER OF THE RICHMOND CHALLENGE CUP: MR. JOHN DRAGE'S CHAMPION HUNTER, JORROCKS.



FIRST PRIZE FOR CHILDREN'S PONIES: MISS MARY PUTNAM, ON PLAYFUL, RECEIVING THE WINNING ROSETTE FROM THE EARL OF ORKNEY.



CAVALIERS AND LADIES GALLOPING PAST THE ROYAL BOX: A COSTUME EVENT ON THE DAY OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S VISIT.



PRINCESS ALICE, LADY ATHLONE, PRESENTING THE KING'S CHALLENGE CUP TO P.C. BROWN (MOUNTED POLICE).



WINNER OF THE DRIVING MARATHON PAIRS: LORD LUDLOW, WITH LADY LUDLOW, DRIVING HIS CHESTRUTS.



MASSD TENT-PEGGING IN ARAB COSTUME: A PICTUREQUE DISPLAY BY MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.



WINNER OF THE COACHING MARATHON FOR PRIVATE COACHES: MR. C. F. GODDARD WITH HIS TEAM OF BLACKS.



WINNER OF THE COACHING MARATHON FOR ROAD COACHES: MR. W. A. BARRON DRIVING HIS "VENTURE."



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE HENRY STANDING BY (ON THE RIGHT) P.C. KELLY JUMPING HIS GREY OVER A DINNER-TABLE.



THE LORD MAYOR'S ARRIVAL: SIR JAMES ROLL WITH HIS OWN FOUR-IN-HAND WHICH HE HAD DRIVEN FROM THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Richmond Royal Horse Show, which opened in the Old Deer Park on June 9, proved as attractive as ever. One of the chief events of the first day was the Driving Marathon, which started from the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Lord Ludlow, who took first prize and special prize for carriage and equipment, was the first to arrive. Miss Barry's Nicolette was second in the class for hacks under 15 hands and third in that for ponies of 14 hands 2 inches and under. On the second day Queen Alexandra was present, and the Lord Mayor, Sir James Roll, established a precedent by driving his own four-in-hand from the Mansion House, with a team of dark browns. He is a keen

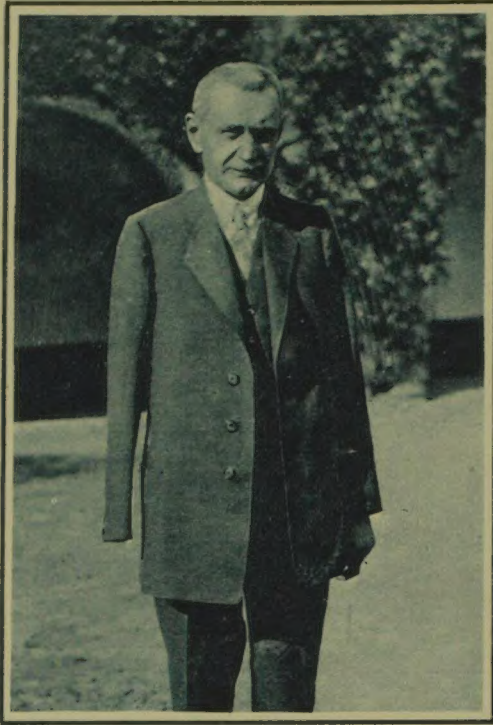
member of the Four-in-Hand Club. Sir Howard Frank's Lighthouse took three firsts and the Hack Challenge Cup. Miss Mary Putnam's Playful won the first prize for ponies ridden by children under fourteen. A fine display of horsemanship, in which the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry took great interest, was given by the Metropolitan Mounted Police Patrol. The King's Challenge Cup for the best trained horse was won by X12, ridden by P.C. Brown (X Division). Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, presented the Cup. Mr. Claud F. Goddard won the Coaching Marathon for private coaches, and Mr. W. A. Barron that for road coaches.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK; AND A BRITISH WAR MEMORIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, CENTRAL PRESS, BARNETT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND LAFAYETTE.



WINNER OF THE 1000-GUINEAS GOLF TOURNAMENT AT GLENEAGLES: ABE MITCHELL.



COMMANDING GERMAN TROOPS IN UPPER SILESIA: GENERAL HÖFER, WHO LOST AN ARM ON THE SOMME.



RUNNER-UP IN THE 1000-GUINEAS GOLF TOURNAMENT AT GLENEAGLES: J. H. KIRKWOOD.



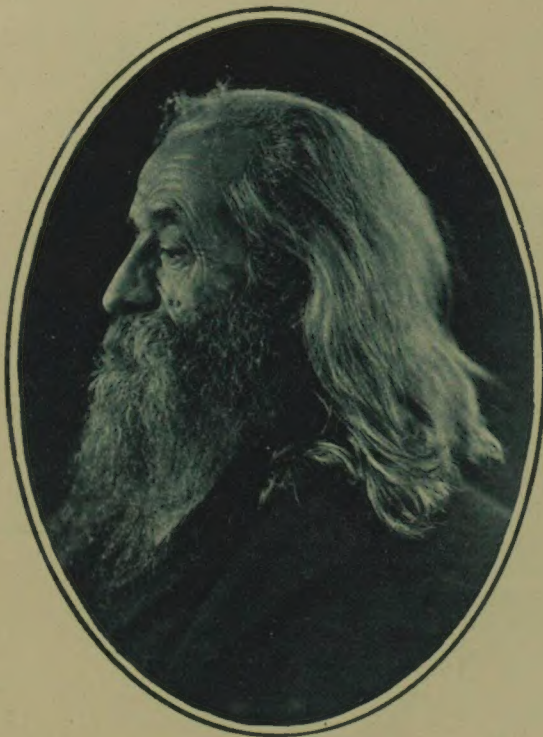
THE PASSING OF A GREAT LABOUR LEADER: THE FUNERAL OF MR. WILL CROOKS IN EAST LONDON.



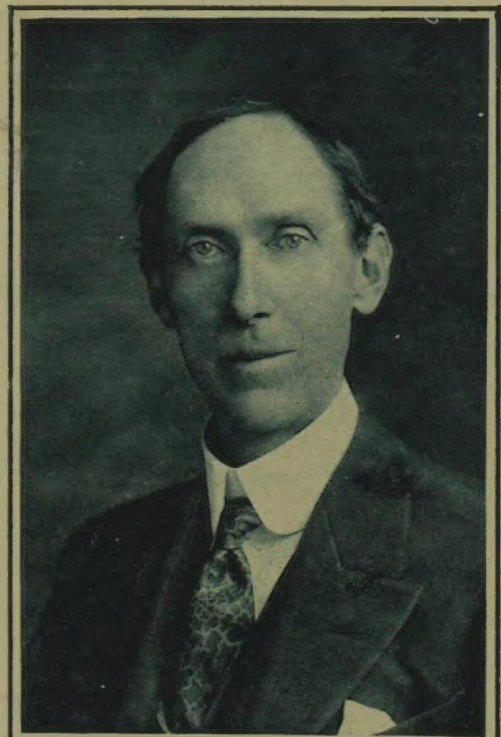
A TRIBUTE TO OVER 13,000 BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN: THE MEMORIAL TO THE 25TH DIVISION UNVEILED AT BAILLEUL.



AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN WHO FOUGHT FOR BRITAIN: THE LATE MR. C. T. GARLAND.



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS HOAXER: THE LATE "LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT."



THE NEW "ANTI-WASTE" MEMBER FOR ST. GEORGE'S, WESTMINSTER: MR. J. M. M. ERSKINE, M.P.

In the final of the One Thousand Guineas Golf Tournament at Gleneagles, on June 11, Abe Mitchell beat J. H. Kirkwood, over thirty-six holes, by seven holes up and six to play.—General Höfer is the commander of the German "self-defence" forces in Upper Silesia who has shown a defiant attitude towards the Inter-Allied Mission.—The funeral of Mr. Will Crooks on June 9 was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular sympathy. The procession went from All Saints, Poplar, to Bow Cemetery.—A memorial to 625 officers and 12,663 N.C.O.'s and men of the British 25th Division who fell in the war was

unveiled by General Sir Alexander Godley in Bailleul on June 7.—The famous pseudo-explorer "Louis de Rougemont," known as Louis Redmond, died in the Kensington Infirmary, aged eighty-five, on June 9. His real name was Henri Louis Grin, and he was born at Gressy, in French Switzerland, in 1847.—Mr. J. M. M. Erskine (Ind. Anti-Waste) defeated Colonel Sir H. M. Jessel (Co.U.) in the bye-election at St. George's, Westminster, on June 7.—The late Mr. C. T. Garland, who died suddenly, was a well-known American millionaire racehorse owner and polo enthusiast. He joined the British Army in 1914.

A RECONCILER IN IRELAND: VICEROY "AT A GRAVE MOMENT."

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE CATHOLIC LORD LIEUTENANT WELL RECEIVED IN ULSTER: VISCOUNT FITZALAN, THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE
AT THE PRELIMINARY OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND IN BELFAST.

Viscount FitzAlan, who (as Lord Edmund Talbot) was recently appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and was subsequently made a Peer of the United Kingdom, represented the King at the preliminary opening of the Parliament of Northern Ireland in Belfast on June 7. The State opening by the King in person has been fixed for June 22. Lord FitzAlan, who is a Catholic, made a favourable impression during his visit to Ulster, by his personality and his plain speaking on the Irish situation. Before leaving Belfast he received addresses from

25 public bodies, by whose representatives he was heartily cheered. "This is not the time," he had said to them, "to indulge in light hopes or prophecies. We are come together at a grave moment in Irish history. . . . But I know that you will join with me in an earnest prayer and in an active hope that the change in the Constitution of this country, which has now reached so critical a stage, may be turned to the advantage of Ireland and may find its issue in Irish peace, in Irish prosperity, and in Irish happiness."

A GAME IN WHICH ENGLAND IS NOW MEETING AMERICA: POLO—THE PRINCIPAL RULES ILLUSTRATED.

DRAWN BY LONEL EDWARDS.



OF PARTICULAR INTEREST DURING THE FIRST POST-WAR INTERNATIONAL POLO NOW IMMENSELY POPULAR

The International Polo Test Matches between England and America this year have been arranged to begin at Hurlingham on June 18. The popularity of polo, as a spectacle, has increased enormously of late years, and doubtless thousands of people will watch the coming contest. In order to help them to follow the details of the play, we give the above drawings illustrating the chief rules, an understanding of which is necessary to an intelligent appreciation of the game. The lettering, it should be noted, does not give the rules in full. It may be interesting to recall here the results of the previous international polo contests since their commencement. The first was held at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1886, when England won the two matches played, the first by 10 goals to 4, and the second by 14 goals to 2. In 1900, at

MATCHES: DETAILS SPECTATORS MUST KNOW TO APPRECIATE A GAME AS A SPECTACLE.

Hurlingham, England won the one match played by 8 goals to 2. In 1902, at Hurlingham, England won two out of the three matches. America won the first by 2 goals to 1; England the others by 6 to 1 and 7 to 1 respectively. In 1909, again at Hurlingham, America won the two matches played by 9 to 5 and 8 to 2. In 1911, at Meadow Brook, U.S.A., America won the two matches played by 41 goals to 3 and 41 to 31. In 1913, at Meadow Brook, America won the two matches played by 51 goals to 1 and 41 to 41. In 1914, at Meadow Brook, England succeeded in regaining the Cup, winning the two matches played (on June 13 and 17) by 81 goals to 3 and 4 to 21 respectively.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY

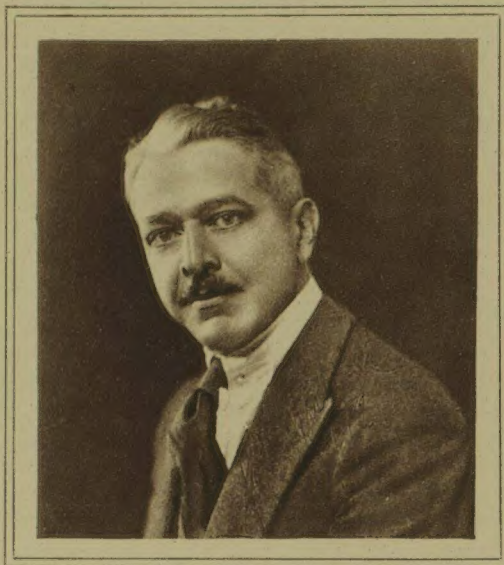
By E. B. OSBORN.

I CANNOT imagine anything more interesting for the young historian than a study of Revolution through the ages. It would have to begin with the "Servile War," begun by Spartacus and with the truceless struggle waged by Carthage against her mercenaries, the horrors of which are the substance of Flaubert's "Salammbô," certainly the most brilliant "reconstruction" we have of an episode in ancient history. It would go on to the many peasants' revolts in Europe during the later Middle Ages—more especially the horrible *Jacqueries* in France, of which the rising of Wat Tyler was but a comparatively mild and colourless imitation. It would trace the history of the secret societies and nocturnal assemblages which celebrated the Black Mass, and were sometimes attended by as many as twenty thousand persons (including high-placed personages and even knights who had worn the Crusader's scarlet cross) in certain districts of Southern France. Michelet (in "La Sorcière," an indispensable guide to the subterranean history of his country) and other French historians have to some extent investigated this perplexing yet fascinating subject. Yet the full and complete history of Revolution in Europe before the famous explosion in France at the end of the eighteenth century remains to be written, and I commend the task to some young Oxford or Cambridge historian who wishes to add a work of permanent value, such as Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," to our literature of knowledge.

Hitherto English historians have looked upon the French Revolution as a picturesque manifestation, somewhat marred by the recrudescence of the beast in man, of mankind's passion for freedom; they have even excused the Terror as an inevitable result of the intolerable sense of centuries of cold and calculating oppression. Carlyle's point of view has coloured their preconceptions, and only Lord Acton—who was so infinitely learned that he dared not try to decant his learning into books—ever lifted a corner of the red curtain to see how, and by whom, the great affair was actually engineered. And he said that the most appalling thing about the French Revolution was the evidence of *design*—the certainty that, so far from being a spontaneous rising of long-oppressed poor people, it was a movement premeditated, prepared, and carried out in set stages by unseen persons, probably a small group, whose motives and purposes were undecipherable at first sight. If Lord Acton had not suffered from a life-long reluctance to write down his conclusions from any set of historical facts or even formulate them to himself, he would none the less have shrunk from re-writing the epic of blood and irony called the French Revolution, which was in fact the greatest calamity that ever befell the French working classes. Had he done so, he must have been accused of assisting the cause of Clericalism—a charge which he would have done (or left undone) anything to avoid incurring. And so the task has been left to Mrs. Nesta H. Webster, who has the merciless intelligence and keen logical faculty of the French rather than the English historical school. Her "French Revolution" admirably sums up the scientific conclusions, based upon a disinterested collecting and collating of facts, of the modern French historians (such as M. Lenotre), who have proved beyond all reasonable doubt that it was a vast conspiracy for the destruction of the existing social order in France and the absolute negation of any scheme to better the lot of the French proletariat. Mrs. Webster has added much of her own, in the spirit as well as the letter, to the results obtained by French investigators, and it is

true to say—as has been said by another reviewer of her latest work—that she brought about a revolution in the history of Revolutions.

In "WORLD REVOLUTION: THE PLOT AGAINST CIVILISATION" (Constable; 18s. net), she continues her inquiry down to the present date,



THE AUTHOR OF "WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS": MR. JOHN RUSSELL.

Mr. John Russell's volume of short stories, "Where the Pavement Ends" (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.), has attracted much attention, and is being widely read. He takes the reader to the South Seas, and other remote and little-known places.

dealing with the tumults of 1848, the Commune of 1871, and the Russian Revolution which has taken place under our very eyes and, like a stone dropped into a pool, has sent waves of revolutionary feeling throughout Western civilisation and even through certain regions of the Orient. In all these cases the evidence of design, the

sequences of phases, and the methods of the revolutionaries in authority (always a small group) are the same as in the French Revolution, and it is impossible to avoid believing that the underlying motive (which is certainly not a desire to give freedom to the masses and a higher standard of living, for the immediate result is to bind them more strictly in heavier and tighter chains) is some ancient and malignant hatred of civilisation as it exists to-day. The same ideas are, and have always been, the stock-in-trade of all revolutionary groups. In order to elucidate this matter, Mrs. Webster compares in parallel columns five documents, four proved and one unproved: the archives of the Bavarian Illuminati captured by the Elector of Bavaria (1776-1786); the secret letters of Piccolo Tigre to the Haute Vente Romaine (1822-1848); the principles of the Alliance Sociale as formulated by Bakunin; the official writings of Lenin and other leading Bolsheviks; and the "Protocols" published by the Russian Nilus in 1906. The similarities are startling in the extreme; in all five cases the same procedure of moral corruption in all its bearings is proposed, and it is impossible for me to doubt—having made a study of Satanism particularly in its mediæval manifestations—that the end in view has always been the destruction of religion and of all institutions based thereon. It is a hideous task in which the *deracinés* of all religions are eager to co-operate, as indeed we can see, and they may succeed in bringing about this world-revolution if we do not take steps to prevent their propaganda, which consists of Socialism, Sexualism, and Satanism in equal parts. On a vastly larger scale they are preparing to contract out of Christian civilisation as the Albigenses did centuries ago.

It is at times when a new orientation of thought is taking place, when humanity's ideals are in the melting-pot, when old institutions—such as the Cæsarism which becomes Kaiserism

here and Tsarism there—have been overthrown, that the revolutionary spirit is most dangerous. We have reached such a period, and one of the proofs that it is so is the criticism of old forms of mathematical certainty which has culminated in Einstein's Theory of Relativity. There is no intellectual short cut to a real understanding of this complex hypothesis, which was so brilliantly vindicated by the observations of the deflection of light rays during the last total eclipse of the sun. To comprehend it all you must know the mathematical language, a system of symbols of quantities and processes, in which such matters are lucidly and briefly expounded. But you can apprehend its nature, if you make a careful study of the chapters dealing with it in "THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY" (John Murray; 21s. net), by Viscount Haldane, who has been working for forty years at his survey of modern philosophic tendencies. The great value of his book is this: he shows us that a new "thought-shift" has been proceeding which is as far-reaching and profoundly significant as that which, centuries ago, ousted man from his supposed position as centre of the cosmos and God's all-engrossing care. The age of Newton gave us a block-universe, a colossal and intricate mechanism built up of eternal elements and operated by eternal laws. The age of Einstein gives us a universe which is a living organism, always in a state of change and flux, for even its elements are dissolving. Relativity, then, is a revolutionary force, since it deprives creeds and institutions—religious, philosophical, economic, scientific, moral—of absolute validity.



BOTTICELLI'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "DIVINE COMEDY," LATELY REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME: AN EXAMPLE—BEATRICE EXPLAINING TO DANTE THE LIFE OF PARADISE.

Botticelli's illustrations to Dante's "Divine Comedy" were done between 1470 and 1483. Some of the originals are in the Vatican Library; others, including several portraits of Dante, in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. Three of them were reproduced, probably for the first time, in "L'Illustration" of June 4. The other two are given on the opposite page.—[Photographs obtained by Professor Paolo Zani.]

BOTTICELLI DRAWINGS OF DANTE—ONLY LATELY REPRODUCED.

PHOTOGRAPHS OBTAINED BY PROFESSOR PAOLO ZANI.



PUBLISHED (PROBABLY FOR THE FIRST TIME) FOR THE DANTE SEXCENTENARY: ONE OF BOTTICELLI'S 92 CARTOONS ILLUSTRATING THE "DIVINE COMEDY"—THE FIRST APPARITION OF THE ANGELS TO DANTE AND BEATRICE. ("PARADISO," CANTO 29).



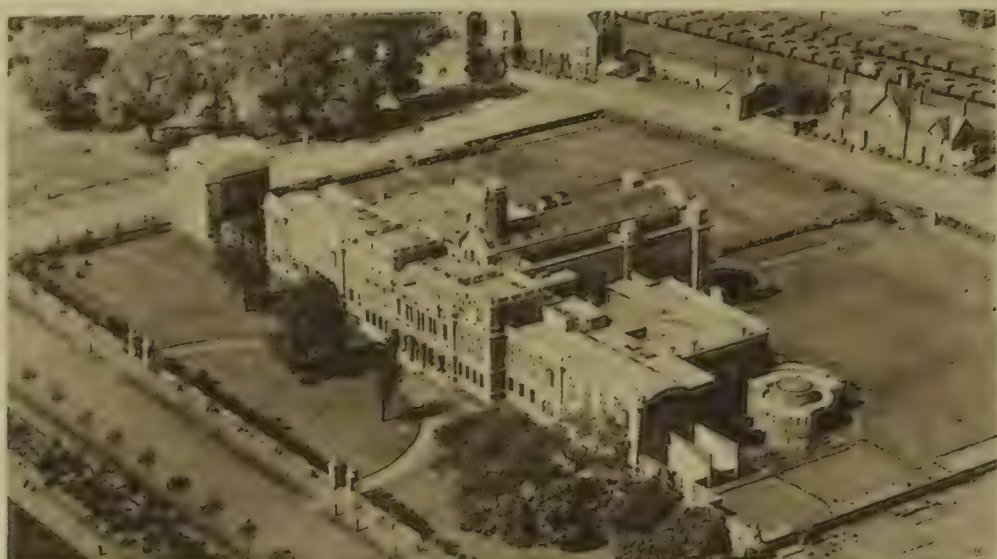
A GREAT POET AS IMAGINED BY A GREAT ARTIST: A BOTTICELLI DRAWING FOR THE "PARADISO" (CANTO 1)—DANTE LEAVING PURGATORY, WITH THE POET STATIUS, PURIFIED BY THE WATERS OF THE RIVER EUNOE, AND RISING TOWARDS THE FIRST HEAVEN.

The celebration this year of the sixth centenary of Dante's death, which took place at Ravenna on September 14, 1321, has produced a wealth of literary and pictorial records. Particularly interesting was a recent article (in our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration") by Professor Paolo Zani, of Brescia, on the subject of early portraits of Dante, mainly by Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The gems of his collection were the drawings by Botticelli given on this and the opposite page. "Between 1470 and 1480," he writes,

"Botticelli had undertaken to illustrate the 'Divine Comedy.' He executed 92 cartoons, the originals of which are now in the Vatican Library and the Room of Engravings in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. In several of the drawings at Berlin, Dante himself is represented. I have been able—not without difficulty—to have them photographed. It is the first time, I think, that they have ever been reproduced." The earliest extant portrait of Dante is a fresco by Giotto, of about 1295, in the Bargello Palace at Florence.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS UNIVERSITY CHANCELLOR: AT CARDIFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROPHOTO CO., LTD., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



SEEN FROM THE AIR:
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
CARDIFF.

DONOR OF THE NEW MEDICAL
SCHOOL: SIR W. J. THOMAS,
BT., AND HIS SON.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CARDIFF: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (IN NAVAL UNIFORM) LEAVING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AFTER OPENING
THE NEW PHYSIOLOGY BUILDINGS.



IN HIS CHANCELLOR'S ROBES: THE PRINCE, WITH
HIS TRAIN-BEARER, LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART.



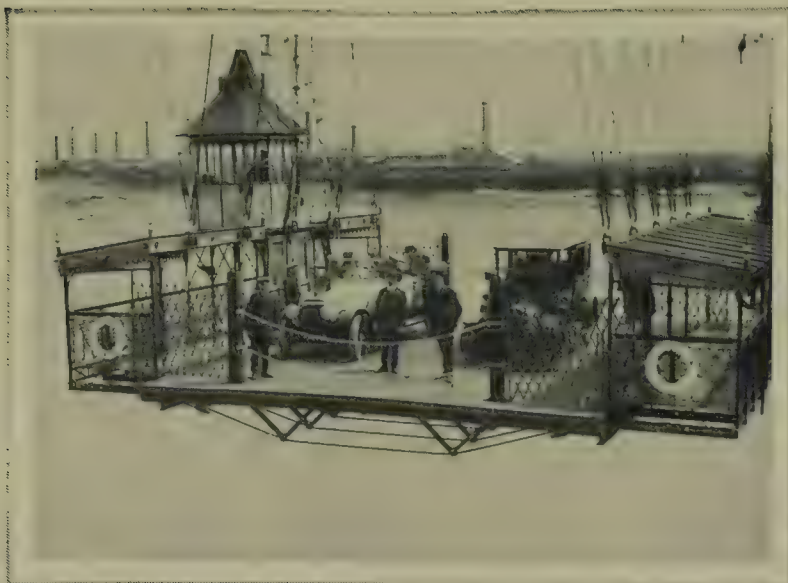
GIVING THEIR COLLEGE "YELL" ACCOMPANIED BY A STOOPING ACTION:
STUDENTS HAILING THE PRINCE OF WALES.

At Cardiff on June 8, the Prince of Wales was installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales, and then conferred a number of degrees, including one upon Mr. Balfour. The Prince wore the gold-embroidered robes of a Chancellor, and his train was carried by Lord David Crichton-Stuart, son of the Marquess of Bute. The ceremony took place in the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, shown above in a photograph taken from the air. It is one of the constituent colleges of the University, others being at Aberystwyth and Bangor.

In the afternoon the Prince laid the foundation stone of the department of public health and school of preventive medicine, and opened the new Physiological Institution presented to the University by Sir William James Thomas, who handed to him the deed of gift. The Prince entered the new buildings under an arch of femur bones held aloft by medical students. Later, he addressed them from a balcony, and was greeted by the college "yell," given with great enthusiasm both by men and women students.

THE PRINCE IN THE WEST: BOTH SHORES OF THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PICTURESQUE ARRIVAL AT NEWPORT: THE ROYAL CAR CROSSING ON A TRANSPORT BRIDGE.



GREETED BY GIRL GUIDES AND "BROWNIES": THE PRINCE ON HIS WAY TO A REVIEW ON THE ATHLETIC GROUND AT NEWPORT.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS GREETED BY 40,000 SPECTATORS: A GREAT PARADE OF TROOPS, EX-SERVICE MEN, AND OTHER ORGANISATIONS, IN CARDIFF ARMS PARK.



WITH THE AUSTRALIANS DURING THEIR MATCH AGAINST GLOUCESTERSHIRE: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL.



AT NEWPORT: THE PRINCE WITH THE MAYOR (MR. W. A. LINTON) OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Cardiff on June 6, and during his visit was the guest of the Earl of Plymouth at St. Fagan's. On the 7th he drove to Newport, where he inspected ex-Service men, Cadets, Girl Guides and "Brownies," and Boy Scouts on the Athletic Ground. On the 8th took place the ceremony at University College, Cardiff, illustrated opposite. On the 10th a great review was held on the football ground in Cardiff Arms Park, where 40,000 people assembled to greet the Prince. There were 5000 men on parade, including ex-Service men, two battalions of the Welsh Regiment, the 82nd Brigade R.F.A., nurses and

land girls, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. After the inspection the crowd surged round the Prince, and it was with some difficulty that a passage was made for him back to his car. He thoroughly enjoyed the scrimmage. On June 10 he visited Bristol, and spent a strenuous day. Within five hours he received the freedom of the city and of the Merchant Venturers, reviewed ex-Service men, laid a hospital foundation stone, and visited the University, the Academy, and the cricket-match between Gloucestershire and the Australians. After his return to town the Prince left London for Windsor Castle on June 13.

ROYAL ASCOT: THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE PAVILION AT THE GREAT SOCIETY RACE-MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.



SHOWING THEIR MAJESTIES UNDER THE CANOPY NEAR THE CENTRE BACKGROUND. AND (FURTHER TO THE RIGHT) EX-KING MANOEL, PRINCESS MARY, AND THE DUKE OF YORK: THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ASCOT.

The Ascot meeting opened auspiciously on June 14, when the first of the Royal Processions along the course took place. The King and Queen, with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, drove in the royal carriage, with a team of greys, and postillions in scarlet and gold. Six other carriages followed. Their Majesties and their suite took their places on the canopied dais in the centre of the Royal Enclosure, as seen in the photograph. The second semi-state drive was arranged for the 16th. To the right (just beyond the staircase) will be recognised ex-King Manoel of Portugal (the second figure), and a little further

along Princess Mary, next to the Duke of York. As at the Derby, most of the visitors to Ascot journeyed thither by road, and there was a great pilgrimage of motor-cars and other vehicles. The airship "R 36" acted as scout, in wireless communication with the police, for the purpose of traffic control, and everything went smoothly in that respect. Society was there in force, and as usual there was a brilliant display of fashion. Considerable alterations and improvements to the stands have been made since last year, and the original stand, erected in 1839, has been practically rebuilt.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE skilled collector can win distinction if he pursues his hobby thoroughly, and has the means and the time to become exhaustive. The Bruton collections exemplify this. The late owner's specialisation was remarkable. He made a collection of Cruikshank works, and sold them well in 1897. He took up eighteenth-century mezzotints, and amassed many of the choicest examples of portraiture. His Dickens first editions, just sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 9th and 10th, prove his industry in another field. "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," and others, were in parts as issued in the original wrappers. The "Pickwick Papers" brought £910. Rowlandson, the caricaturist, had sixty-eight original drawings made during a tour to Spithead to view the wreck of the *Royal George*, in 1782. The delicate pencil and Indian-ink drawings washed with colour are a picture gallery representing village streets, inns, coffee-rooms, and scenes in the days of the post-chaise. Rowlandson's "English Dance of Death" offered eighty-eight published and nineteen unpublished water-colour drawings, and some enterprising publisher surely should have snatched Rowlandson's unpublished drawings for Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

Messrs. Puttick's sales on the 10th offered four fine interiors of cathedrals, including Burgos and Toledo, etched by Axel L. Haig, which brought fair prices. A bargain slipped away in the fine Simon de Pass drawing of Christian IV. of Denmark, with his rugged face. The Danish National Anthem runs, "King Christian stood at the mast," and records a bloody sea-fight where he was personally engaged. Christian IV. is to Denmark what Elizabeth is to England and what Henri Quatre is to France, the great royal hero. Another relic of a less fortunate King came forward in a Cardinal's alb embroidered with flowers, with a deep flounce of Brussels lace, designed with the cypher of Charles X. of France (brother of Louis XVI.), who lost his throne, to be succeeded by Louis Philippe, who discovered, as so many other monarchs out of business have done, the kingdom of Bohemia as a harbour of refuge, surrounding themselves with wayward spirits as dispossessed as themselves. Bohemia may spell any capital in Europe, but in this case Charles actually lived at Prague in the literal kingdom of Bohemia. This alb sold was worn by him at his coronation at Rheims Cathedral in 1825.

Messrs. Christie, on the 22nd, offer a collection of unset stones, including remarkable sapphires, 2384 specimens, exhibiting every known shade and tint, arranged in a colour scheme in case, by the late Herbert C. Maxwell Stuart, a collector of unerring judgment, who devoted many years of his life to the patient search for these stones. A sapphire is blue to the man in the street, but these sapphires embrace black, green, orange, mauve, blue, red and yellow, and as a collection have no equal. A fine series of specimen opals mounted in gold, as butterfly brooches, offer

exquisite colourings. Every range of glorious opal effect has been used; mainly four or five fire opals are used in each brooch, and the sizes are appreciably large, being equal to the natural insect. The patient collecting and skilful matching of these took the late owner a lifetime. As artistic modern jewel work in precious stones, they exhibit completed craftsmanship. Some cameos in opal are equally interesting. One has the figure of Aurora in relief, and another the figure of Amphitrite rising from the sea. The natural colourings of selected opals have been used to obtain colour effects, and as bases of design: from the green waves, or the striated effect of the rising sun, graduated tones in drapery melt into the lines of the outstanding figures. This sale, on Alexandra Day, is to be completed by an interesting event. A bouquet of roses is being sent by Queen Alexandra from the gardens at Sandringham, and will be put up for auction. The Mayoress of Chelsea sent roses similarly last year, and the sum of £1000 was raised by Christie's clients for the hospital funds. On this occasion it is to be hoped that this record will be beaten,

was theirs within the confines of their technique. Initial letters and borders have a poetry of design unequalled. "Lancelot du Lac," a vellum manuscript in three volumes, is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the third volume fifteenth century: the miniatures and illuminations decorate the story of the Arthurian legend before the version of Thomas de Malory, carried on by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King." Brilliant prices are expected from this superb collection. The smallest manuscript and the latest, in date 1530, is contained in a little case of gold decorated with enamel and pink stones. It is a devout creed of profession of the Catholic faith ("Credo or Protestation del Emperador"), and is associated with Charles V.; hence its rarity, and the pages are only 1 in. by 1½ in. A pretty bauble of great historic interest.

Armour claims respect when it is collected.

But at the sale of the Wilton House armoury, the property of the Earl of Pembroke, we have armour worn by and made for the owner's forbears. Equestrian armour for man and horse as here presented is rarely found so complete. But the suit made for Henry Herbert, the second Earl of Pembroke (shown opposite), is the *pièce de résistance*. It was Lord Dillon who discovered the album of Jacob the Armourer's designs which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Of suits that were made by Jacob the pedigree is known and their disposal has been recorded. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has one set. Other suits are in private hands and duly watched by guardians of connoisseurship. One is at Appleby Castle, in the possession of Lord Hothfield. King Edward VII. was presented with one suit made for Sir Christopher Hatton, by a group of the King's friends. The beautiful suit to be sold, where the decoration consists of a series



THE GREAT VOGUE OF OLD ARMOUR: A FINE SUIT FOR MAN AND HORSE IN THE PEMBROKE SALE.

The above is an important lot in the sale of armour from Wilton House, Salisbury, belonging to the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to be held at Sotheby's on June 23. The man's armour is of the type known as splinted harness, or "anime." It has bands of gold decoration on a russet ground. The helmet is a Burgonet. The horse armour is also russet and gold, similarly decorated, and consists of chanfron, crinet, peytral and crupper piece. Armour is having a great vogue among collectors, and huge prices have lately been realised. Thus, at the recent Morgan S. Williams sale at Christie's, a large suit of armour fetched 4600 guineas, while 2200 guineas were paid for a horse's chanfron and crinet, and 2950 guineas for a fifteenth-century Italian sword. Many other lots brought from 500 to 900 guineas each.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

even although "the time is out of joint," and purses have grown lean.

The Yates Thompson illuminated manuscripts, some sixteen in number, come up for sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 22nd. But what is number "when excellence outweighs all due account," and fifteen early printed books make up the sale to fill a summer afternoon? And the illustrated catalogue of these rare treasures of scholarship of collecting sells for a guinea, and they pass under the hammer to great bibliophiles and to Transatlantic libraries. In glorious procession they have made pilgrimage across Europe, have weathered tumultuous storms of heretic vandalism, have lain *perdus* but not forgotten. Joyousness, piety, patient craftsmanship went to these illuminations. The clerks of yesteryears, forerunners of those who sit immured nowadays on more mundane transactions in a complex civilisation, were as a caste apart, cloistered and secluded from wars and commotions, harried only when fire and rapine devastated their domain. Before Caxton they quietly carried on the written message. Great beauty of imagery and emblem

of vertical gold bands sunk below the surface of the steel and finely engraved, is of exceptional interest. The original owner married the famous Mary Sidney, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, from whom the Earls of Pembroke descend. The epitaph on this lady runs—

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse.
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Hence Jacob the Armourer and Ben Jonson the poet join hands in hall-marking for posterity this suit of armour. In the gorgeous days of pageantry, it was Sidney's sister, now underneath the sable hearse, who saw her lord ride forth to jousts and tournaments in this glorious suit of armour. We have in the Old Country much to interest American visitors, and our auction rooms afford perennial delight. There is nothing like it in the New World, and very little like it in Europe nowadays, for London is the emporium of the world in objects of art.

DESIGN AND FINISHED WORK: A 15TH-CENTURY PEMBROKE SUIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE. THAT OF THE ARMOURER'S DRAWING BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



JACOB THE ARMOURER'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE PEMBROKE SUIT: A DRAWING IN HIS FAMOUS ALBUM, NOW IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



WITH UMBRIL DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN THE DESIGN ON THE LEFT IN THE ARMOURER'S DRAWING (ADJOINING): THE BURGONET.

THERE is a difference in the shape of the burgonet, where the umbril (brim) starts, between the drawing and the actual helmet. The umbril in the drawing curves up and out; in the actual helmet it turns out at a sharp angle. At the back is a plume-holder, and above it are two holes for a lace to fasten it. The actual falling buff (the lower part of the helmet, to be attached to the burgonet) has ten slits for sight and breathing on each side, while in the drawing (to the left of the full figure) there are only six a side. The ocularium (eye-space) was formed by the interval between the umbril and the top of the buff. The breastplate had on its right side (left in the photograph) five large staples (one is missing) for holding the lance-rest. In the lower centre is a square hole for fixing on the extra placate for the joust. Among the decorations are the George and Garter, supported by an engraved representation of a chain, the George being on the upper part of the wide central band, which consists of interlaced strap ornament, trophies of arms, and shields. Similar decorations occur on the high comb of the burgonet, which has interlaced scrolls and groups of trophies, Roman breast-plates, drums and flags: in the centre is the George, surrounded by the Garter, and surmounted by a coronet.



WITH TEN SIGHT AND BREATHING SLITS ON EACH SIDE, AS AGAINST SIX IN THE ORIGINAL DESIGN: THE FALLING BUFF.



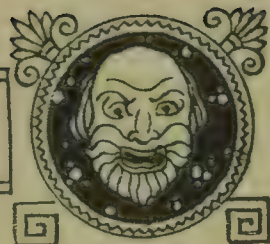
SHOWING STAPLES FOR LANCE-REST, AND A SQUARE HOLE FOR FIXING THE EXTRA PLACATE FOR JOUSTING: THE BREASTPLATE.

Old armour now commands enormous prices in the sale-room, as witness the £30,679 realised in the first two days of the recent dispersal of the Morgan S. Williams collection. The suit illustrated above, made by Jacob the Armourer for Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (c. 1534-1601) is included in the sale of armour from Wilton House, Salisbury, the property of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to be held at Sotheby's on June 23. "Much of the importance of the suit," says the sale catalogue, "is derived from the fact that the drawing for it (reproduced above) is included

in the famous album by Jacob the Armourer, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In Lord Dillon's reproduction of that book . . . the Pembroke suit is followed by a plate of extra pieces. None of these extra pieces survive, except the burgonet and falling buff which now accompany the suit in place of the closed helmet shown in the drawing." The closed helmet does not exist, and may never have been made. The burgonet and buff are shown on the left side of the Armourer's drawing. On the right are extra tassets. The actual suit otherwise follows the drawing very closely.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

BEWARE of the Great Unacted, brother critics! He is an ungrateful dog. He sends you coaxing letters to read his play, as if it were a critic's business to be a doctor as well as a judge. If you decline because your time is your money, as well as other people's; if you tell him that you charge heavy fees, to discourage the practice of encroachment, but that you are ever ready in the cause of authors who are unendowed with the world's goods—he answers your urbanity often with insult, thereby disgracing himself and destroying the chances of the next comer. I have had many bitter experiences in this direction, and the offenders deserve the pillory which I will spare them, leaving requital to their own conscience.

What a fortnight! Sometimes two a day, and, curiously enough, better material than often during a month. First of all, the revue at the Vaudeville, "Puss! Puss!" a charming *multum in parvo* quite worthy of its predecessors, as delightful as a babbling brook, graced by that fine artist Miss Lee White, whose wonderful personality and husky voice fill the stage and the auditorium. Then there is Clay Smith, her husband, a perfect foil, the man whose dancing is as rhythmic as his diction—and others full of fun. And skits galore! With a cigar or cigarette to match, it is the very thing to make a happy evening.

Albert de Courville, with "Pins and Needles," at the Gaiety, has once more come home. What I like about him is his daring and his unlimited horizon. He sees greatly, and he often sees beautifully—in the blending of colours, in the evolution of ideas. Who could forget the lamp-shades—who could forget Dinard? In fact, how many of the twenty-five scenes are not melodious, witty, and sarcastic? Edmund Gwenn is the undisputed hero of the occasion, and I would class him a twin brother of that other little genius, Nelson Keys. Hitherto we have known our Edmund as the British Guilty; now we may have to hurry and add he is also a kinsman of the late lamented Germain, that protean comedian, who like the snake could shed his skin and always emerge a new being. To see Edmund Gwenn dance, to hear him sing, to behold him impersonating a kind of Methuselah greeting a prodigal daughter, is a feast for the gods and the groundlings. And besides him there are Miss Maisie Gay, Mr. Jack Morrison, and Miss Billie Hill, another twin, this one, of Miss Binnie Hale; and then there are those blonde Siamese, the Sisters Duncan, who, with their bubble and their squeaks, took our hearts by storm. The Gaiety is itself again, and gaily flies the pennant of Albert de Courville.

More cheers! This time for a Dutchman and an Englishman, David de Groot, the *maestro* of the Piccadilly, and Claude B. Yearsley, who have had the courage to import a charming Austrian operetta, "The Gipsy Princess," by Kalman, and two foreign artists, M. de Jari, favourite pupil of De Reszke, and Sari Petrass, who from Budapest to the coast of Holland is looked upon as a star among the starlets. "The Gipsy Princess" was an instantaneous success, thanks to the swing and lilt and tune of the music, thanks to the voices of the two singers

named, and to a chorus which for beauty, charm, and distinction is unrivalled on the operatic stage of the Metropolis. Especial word of praise should be given to Phyllis Titmuss, who does many things and does them all well, and is one of the most bewitching figures in the realm of the lighter muse.

If there is one man whose work I love, who speaks, as it were, from my heart, who looks



"CHOUT," AT THE PRINCES: M. THADEE SLAVINSKY AS THE BUFFOON AND MME. LYDIA SOKOLOVA AS THE BUFFOON'S WIFE.

"Chout" (The Buffoon), a Russian legend in six scenes, has been added to the repertoire of the Russian Ballet, at the Princes Theatre, and has aroused much interest. Its scenery and dress are Futuristic; the music, by M. Serge Prokofiev, is ultra-modern.

Photograph taken at the Répétition Générale by Walter Benington.

upon the world with great power of observation, with deep knowledge, and with the godly gift of imagination—that man is John Galsworthy. We have seen two plays of his in one week—

on "The First and the Last" I rubbed my eyes in wonderment. How can one call this painful but human story Guignolesque? How can one compare such humanity to thrills of horror? Is not this short act in its three scenes a cogent defence of the Magdalen preserving her heart unspoil by servitude in a wicked world? Does it not with tragic force indicate how an innocent man by circumstantial evidence may become enmeshed in dilemma and peril? Does it not convey in miniature the message that love is the great redeemer? All this may be debatable, for Galsworthy is bold, with strong opinions of his own; therefore the play may not be accessible to all; but on those to whom it is, it leaves indelible impressions. And now, besides the beautiful acting of Miss Meggie Albanesi, actress of temperament, of insight, of power, we discovered what we believed to be lurking in Mr. Owen Nares. Here was no longer the darling of the gods, the charming young man of somewhat precious speech; here was a human being, suffering, shaken by emotion, true in all he had to convey. He may safely launch into Hamlet; he will succeed.

Not less than the playlet did the greater play, "A Family Man," at the Comedy, carry me away. Some people said that it was hard; that it created pity for the man instead of for his surroundings; that there were not such great egotists in our midst who would sacrifice wife and children in their desire to dominate. Those who say that do not know England, do not know the man of the North, do not understand the parochial spirit. It is the story of thousands of homes, where the man's dictate, like another William's, is *sic volo sic jubeo*, and all the rest can go to the devil. These subordinated wives, these children living in fear and trembling, in vain rebellion—they are all true to life. And to turn the X-rays on to us so that we may understand such human misery hidden from the world is not only bold but beneficial.

I have heard people say that this was a play of propaganda—what they call *Tendenz* in Germany; for the life of me, I cannot see it. If a man is no longer allowed to reproduce a phase of life as he finds it, relieved by pure and natural humour; if he is not allowed

to use the stage for something more than mere entertainment—well then, God help the British drama! And whoever should not appreciate Galsworthy in his candid Galsworthiness, let him recall that lovely note at the end, when the lone man, bereft of family, honour, pride, suddenly sees the wife whom he has driven hence re-enter the room, mix his night-cap, tender her hand, take her reticule, and sit by the fireside knitting, as if the world went as it went before. Here was an organ tune, and I for one came away deeply moved.

Beautiful acting by Mr. Norman McKinnel, a player of force; by Miss Mary Barton, pathetic in her effacement; by two unknown young girls, Miss Sibell Archdale and Miss Agatha Kentish; especially by Miss Auriol Lee—the most fascinating type of a French maid ever impersonated by an Englishwoman—concluded a memorable evening. There will be a race between "The Skin Game" and "A Family Man," and I for one believe that "A Family Man," with its note of consolation, may be, if not the favourite, yet the winner.



PROKOFIEV'S "CHOUT"—WITH FUTURISTIC SETTING: THE BUFFOONS DECIDE TO TAKE THE "COOK" AWAY WITH THEM.

The Buffoon plays a trick on seven other Buffoons, by pretending to kill his Buffoon Wife, and then whipping her to life again. Entranced by this, the seven Buffoons buy the magic whip, kill their wives, and then proceed to whip them, to restore them to life. As they have actually slain them, needless to say, they are not successful! Thereupon, they decide to make an end of the Buffoon. They seek him out, but fail to find him; for he has hidden his wife and disguised himself as a woman cook. As cook, he fascinates the Buffoons, and is taken into their service. Further, a rich merchant chooses him as wife! In the end, after various fantastic complications, the Buffoon and his wife are left in enjoyment of the wealth brought by the whip.

Photograph taken at the Répétition Générale by Walter Benington.

one in three scenes and one in three acts—and both of them occupied my thoughts for days. When I read the opinion of some of my brethren

TEST MATCH CROWDS TURNED AWAY: THE HUGE PRESSURE ON LORD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND AEROFILMS, LTD.



THE HUGE CROWD AT LORD'S WATCHING THE SECOND TEST MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA: THE GAME IN PROGRESS; AND SOME OF THE 30,000 SPECTATORS.



SHOWING PEOPLE IN THE STREET UNABLE TO GAIN ADMITTANCE: A PANORAMIC AIR VIEW OF THE TEST MATCH AT LORD'S, TAKEN DURING ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.

Lord's Cricket Ground proved far too small to accommodate all those who wished to see the second Test Match, which opened on Saturday, June 11. Although 30,000 people were admitted, many thousands more had to be turned away. When the gates were closed, it is said, the queue of would-be spectators was nearly a mile long. Such was the pressure that even many of the ticket-holders had to wait a long time before they could get in. The great popularity of games

as a spectacle has made our old playing-grounds inadequate, and there is a call for a national cricket ground on a great scale. In the first innings England did better than in the first Test Match at Nottingham, thanks mainly to F. E. Woolley and Colonel Douglas, who made 95 and 34 respectively of the total of 187. The Australians, however, passed this score with the loss of only three wickets. Their first innings closed for 342, giving them a lead of 155.

WITH NOISY SPECTATORS, MIRRORS, AND STARTLING POSTERS: REALISM IN TRAINING HORSE SHOW JUMPERS.

DRAWN BY



LIONEL EDWARDS.



"BY THESE MEANS THE HORSE IS ACCUSTOMED TO ALL SORTS OF UNUSUAL SIGHTS
AT COLONEL RODZIANKO'S

Show jumping is a special branch of horsemanship requiring special methods of training both for horse and man. As Mr. Lionel Edwards points out in his article on the subject on a later page, the Continental (or Italian) riding seat, which has brought success to so many foreign competitors at Olympia, is better adapted to the ring than the English hunting seat, excellent as the latter is under the very different conditions of cross-country riding. Mr. Edwards proceeds to explain the Continental methods of training show jumpers as used in Colonel Rodzianko's riding school at Sefton Lawn, near Windsor. Colonel Rodzianko, who, with a team of Russian officers, won the King Edward

AND SOUNDS": REHEARSING SHOW CONDITIONS IN THE TRAINING OF JUMPERS
RIDING SCHOOL AT WINDSOR.

Cup three years running (in 1912, 1913, and 1914), studied under the late Captain Caprilli, Chief Instructor of the Italian Cavalry School. Describing Colonel Rodzianko's system, Mr. Edwards writes: "The double-page drawing will show, better than any words can explain, the peculiarities of this riding school. The walls are covered not only with familiar advertisements, but with Cubist and (what are often even more startling) cinema posters! There are several mirrors, a gramophone, and a box (shown on the right) in which spectators sit and applaud noisily. By these means the horse is accustomed to all sorts of unusual sights and sounds."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

HORSE SHOW JUMPING: CONTINENTAL SUCCESSES & REALISTIC TRAINING

By LIONEL EDWARDS.

THE preparation of jumpers for the International Horse Show may be not without interest at the present time. In earlier days a clean sweep was made of the principal events by the Continental officers, and, although honours are now somewhat more evenly distributed, the majority of cups still go to foreign nations.

I seem to remember that each year writers in the Press have offered the same explanation or defence of British methods, and their want of success. Roughly recapitulated, these are the claims: firstly, that foreign officers do not hunt, or play polo to any great extent, and their only mounted sports are show jumping and steeple-chasing; secondly, that repeated success in any form of sport or athletics is entirely a matter of concentration in one direction; and thirdly, that specialisation is not desirable in the interest of sport as a whole. There is a certain amount of truth in this, especially in the last sentence, though the question raised is too large to enter upon here.

But the fact remains that: (1) in show jumping Continental methods are wonderfully successful; (2) that Continental military authorities believe show jumping to have practical value, and include it in military equitation, so much so, indeed, that the modern military seat and methods on the Continent are to a great extent moulded on show-ring riding; (3) that apparently there is some belief in these methods even in British military circles—at any rate, there would not appear to be any official hostility, but rather the reverse.

Personally I do not wish to touch on the matter in a controversial light, but I cannot refrain from remarking that because a system of riding (or, indeed, anything else) has been found good for one particular thing, it does not follow in any way that its adoption is necessary or even desirable for other or general purposes.

The Continental methods of training horse and man are very thorough, and, as far as the horse is concerned, extend over a considerable period. Thanks to Colonel Rodzianko—who, it may be remembered, carried off, with a team of Russian officers, the King Edward Cup in 1912, 1913, and 1914—I was lately enabled to see something of this training, and also to have the theory on which it is founded explained to me. I only trust that I have digested it correctly! Colonel Rodzianko was originally a pupil of James Fillis, *écuyer en chef* to the Tsar. Fillis was a pupil of Bauer (I think)—in any case, these two riding masters were both at the head of their profession, but rather ran to extremes both in the theory and

practice of *haute école*. After going through a whole course under Fillis, Colonel Rodzianko had his confidence in this system rudely shaken by seeing the riding of the Italian competitors at a Concours Hippique, and by his experience of hunting in Rome. The result was that he applied for permission to be attached to this Italian Cavalry School. This was granted, and Colonel Rodzianko was there initiated into the system taught by the late Captain Caprilli, chief instructor of the Italian Cavalry School. Whatever our opinions may be of this system of training, it is to be noted that it was sufficiently well-taught to be immediately taken up by the Russians,

unusual sights and sounds. Secondly, the horse, after being taught to obey its instructor's voice, teaches itself by jumping low obstacles. It learns in this way, not to jump, but to obtain what the Colonel calls natural balance. This is done by lunging the horse (riderless, of course) round its instructor over a series of obstacles about eighteen inches to two feet high. As the horse is travelling in a circle, he must always negotiate the obstacles at an angle, and, the obstacles being of uneven height and differently spaced, he must keep his attention on what he is doing, and continually change his balance and shorten or lengthen his stride. Otherwise, he will bang his legs, and, as the obstacles are iron piping, he will not do this oftener than he can help!

The next stage is to let the horse encounter obstacles of all sorts and kinds, but none higher than two feet, placed at uneven distances and angles all round the school. The horse is turned loose to negotiate these for itself. The third stage, I understand, is at slow paces, and, leaving the horse's mouth absolutely alone, to ride the animal over these same little obstacles.

Now, the result of all this, in theory, is that the horse acquires the habit of looking where he is going, and of putting a long or short stride as required—in other words, *correcting his own mistakes*; but it appeared to me that he also acquires the habit of sticking his head out and down, in order to look where he is going—in fact, of going on his shoulders. I hasten to add that I speak here

with all deference. The demonstration which I witnessed was with a half-trained animal, and I fully recognise that "foles an' bairns should na see an unfinished picture." It is admitted, however, that the tendency does develop. It is corrected, I am given to understand, and, though I confess I have not digested the methods as thoroughly as I should wish, I gather the principal counter-acting lesson is the rein back. Now, to rein back, some horses are no trouble to teach, but others are the deuce! My impression of several methods which I have seen employed of teaching this lesson has been that, if an animal was pig-headed or determined (whichever you like to call it), it was not only difficult to force him into compliance, but the results obtained were often not permanent. Colonel Rodzianko's method certainly appears to be based on common-sense, and is consequently simple. Taking the ring of the snaffle in one hand, instead of trying to force the animal back, he turns its head to one side, and pushes with the other hand. This alters the distribution of the horse's weight, and compels a change of the leg in support. This entails a side step, and once the horse has

[Continued on Page 840.]



TWO METHODS OF JUMPING: (LEFT) THE EXAGGERATED SHOW-RING SEAT, VERY FORWARD, AND THE HORSE LANDING; (RIGHT) THE CONTINENTAL SEAT.—[Drawn by Lionel Edwards.]

and later (much more grudgingly and in a more modified form) by the French. The Continental cavalry seat and methods are, as I said before, more or less modelled on what we in England are apt to call show-ring riding, or, even less politely, "monkey tricks."

Now, the first and most important part of the training of a jumper, according to Colonel Rodzianko, is that the horse shall correctly learn its A.B.C., and the gist of the whole theory is that the horse shall be its own instructor rather than be subjected to tuition. I think I can best explain this method by transporting the reader, with the aid of the illustrations, to Colonel Rodzianko's excellent riding school at Sefton Lawn, near Windsor. The double-page drawing will show, better than any words can explain, the peculiarities of this riding school. It will be noted, first of all, that the walls are covered not only with familiar advertisements, but with Cubist and (what are often even more startling) cinema posters! There are several mirrors, a gramophone, and a box in which spectators sit and applaud noisily. By these means the horse is accustomed to all sorts of



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Drawings by Lionel Edwards



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

YELLOW FEVER AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

EVERYBODY knows by this time that malaria, yellow fever, dengue, and other tropical diseases are attributed to the bite of the *anopheles* mosquito, or of one of her relations. I say "her," because so far as can yet be ascertained, it is only the female of the species whose bite is poisonous, and who transmits the poison to her descendants, the male apparently playing the part of a drone in a hive. How she acquired this property is also fairly plain. It is not due to any special gift of Nature, like the poison-fangs of the snake or the sting of the scorpion, but to the actual infection of her own blood by feeding on a human or other patient already suffering from the fever, to which she henceforth acts as carrier. If, therefore, we could annihilate the mosquito, we should, so to speak, cut the telegraph wires, and in time could suppress the fevers named in the same way that we have suppressed smallpox.

Now, the best way of effecting this which has yet been adopted on a large scale is to shut in the houses in a fever area with wire gauze, so that the mosquito cannot penetrate to her human prey, and also to pour paraffin into all swamps, pools, and marshy places in their neighbourhood. The rationale of this process is that the mosquito lays her eggs in stagnant water and that the larvæ, on hatching, rise to the surface. If this be coated with an oxygenless fluid such as petroleum or paraffin, they die for want of oxygen, and there is thus an end to their fatal activities. But Professor Kudo of Tokio University is now said to have discovered a more excellent way. By careful research he has found a certain microbe, minute and filter-passing, which attacks both the mosquito and her eggs and causes the death of either within a very brief space of time. He has succeeded in making cultures of this microbe on a large scale, and he finds by actual experiment that a small dose of these cultures if poured into a mosquito-haunted pool will not only kill off all the mosquitoes, but will cause all their eggs to be infertile. A teaspoonful of culture will therefore have the effect of a gallon or so of paraffin, and, as it can be either made on the spot or carried thither in small bottles, saves the expense and labour of

transporting paraffin from one of the few oil-producing centres to the fever-haunted swamp.

Such is the story now appearing in the non-technical Press; and in view of the well-deserved fame of the Japanese men of science as bacteri-

whether the Kudo microbe can be depended upon to do his deadly work with unfailing efficiency, or whether there are countervailing disadvantages attending his employment. But if all this turns out satisfactorily, one may be permitted to think what effect it will

have in increasing the part of the earth's surface in which life is possible to civilised man, and how far this will affect the distribution of the different races. It has lately been the fashion among historians to attribute the gradual extinction of the Greco-Roman culture in the East to the weakening of the Latin and Greek races by malaria; and, although the present writer ventures to think that the perpetual wars with the Persian power went for much in the affair, there is undoubtedly some truth in this view. If, therefore, the Greeks could have either paraffined their marshes or treated them with the Kudo microbe, the Persian power might never have recovered from its subjugation by Alexander the Great, and the Roman Campagna might have remained as habitable as it probably was in the early days of the Republic. Or, to come nearer home, no one can read the novels of Marryat and Michael Scott without noticing how the West Indies deserved the name of the "White Man's Grave" which they bore during the American and Napoleonic Wars, and what effect it might have had on the future of Europe could we have preserved the regiments of our best and bravest youth who died there of yellow and other tropical fevers.

Professor Kudo's discovery may therefore have a far-reaching influence on the future of the white races. These have already found the Old World too small for them, and have even begun to be inconveniently crowded in some parts of the New. If, however, the fever-stricken parts of Africa could be made habitable by them, and they could expand southwards into some of the smaller States of South and Central America, there might easily be room for such an increase of their numbers as would leave their present supremacy assured. So would end the visions of a Black Peril which periodically float before the eyes of our Transatlantic cousins; for the Negro, for some reason at present obscure, does not

suffer from malaria, and the snuffing out of the fever-breeding mosquito would not therefore make for any increase in his numbers.

F. L.



THE LAUNCH OF H.M. LIGHT CRUISER "EFFINGHAM": TAKING THE WATER—(INSET) ONE OF THE SHIP'S ANTI-TORPEDO "BLISTERS."

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ologists—it was a Japanese who discovered the microbe of rabies—it has every appearance of truth. Only prolonged and careful experiment can determine



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is made in paste, liquid and powdered form. We recommend the Liquid Wax for polishing furniture, leather goods, wood-work, and motor-cars. Use the Paste Wax for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, etc.; and the Powdered for dance floors. In 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 4/-, 8/-, and 14/6 sizes.

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100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
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LADIES' NEWS.

THE latest should be from Ascot, our great annual dress show. I cannot get it in time for this week's issue, but hope to give it next week, as I am going for at least two days. Trains from Waterloo are "napoo" for quiet folk; there will be a scrimmage for such accommodation as can be offered, and no pre-booking is allowed. The King and Queen have a house-party at Windsor Castle, of which, as I write, it is still hoped that the King and Queen of Spain will be members. Once upon a time I saw five Queens in the Royal Pavilion, and three Kings; that, however, was before the war. All that is wanted to make the week brilliant is fine, warm weather, and, to the disgust of farmers and gardeners, rain seems far off.

Secrets are always fascinating: that of the success of Harrods is particularly so, when it is disclosed in a beautifully illustrated and well-produced booklet such as has just been issued by that famous house. The author gives the secret away in the first paragraph. I will not divulge it, for the booklet is worth having, and will be sent to clients, or would-be clients, of that great firm on application. It tells all about Harrods, and the principal departments are fully illustrated in a most refined and elegant way. These beautifully printed pages provide a real romance—in these days one of the most thrilling kind of romances—the evolution of a mammoth business. The educational and recreative plans for Harrods' helpers are particularly interesting. "The Secret of Harrods" will be found real live and arresting reading.

Some of us go far afield for the best things to make the best of our hair, complexion, and teeth. It seems good in our sight to have French preparations, or some claiming to hail from the Himalayas, or the Steppes of Siberia, or some other odd corner of the world, while they probably never knew the outside of our own Metropolis. Then these foolish ones wake up to the facts, long proved, that old friends are best, and that nothing beats British, and go thankfully for Rowlands' Macassar Oil, to preserve and make soft and bright our hair; Rowlands' Kalydor, which makes and keeps the skin healthy, soft and fair; and Rowlands' Odonto, a marvellously good preparation to keep teeth white and strong, to arrest decay, and to make the breath

fragrant and sweet. These preparations can be obtained at any chemist or stores, or from Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Grays Inn Road. The length of their services to the public, and the way it ever turns and returns to them, is the great guarantee of the efficiency of Rowlands' preparations.



A NEW OPERA CLOAK.

The pattern of the cloak is that of the rising sun, but its colour is midnight blue, and of jet at that. In utter contrast to its scintillating surface, the lining is of *matté* georgette, though of the same colour as the jet.

Photograph by Shepstone.

Exceptionally pretty were the deep, velvet-petalled crimson roses used for the decoration of the church and for the bridesmaids' bouquets at Miss Jean Hamilton's wedding to Mr. W. J. Buchanan Jardine.

The bridesmaids' dresses were all white and silver. The bride is, on her mother's side, a great granddaughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot, and his wife, "Pamela." She is a tall and very good-looking girl, and looked graceful and charming in her pretty bridal attire.

The engagements announced of late have been few, and still fewer are of first-rate interest. It would be unfair to blame directly the coal trouble for the slump in matrimonial fixtures which has undoubtedly occurred. Love is popularly believed to be a warm emotion and to create its own fires. Indirectly the coal dispute has affected the question of marriage for some, because of its grip on finance, and the uncertainty it has engendered about the future. What, however, has probably had the greatest part in causing a "slump" in weddings is the "boom" in divorces. Young men and young women, also those of middle age, who doubled up on the smallest provocation during the war, are far more careful now. They have seen and are seeing so much of married-in-war divorced-in-peace that they decide that further marriages in peace shall be made with caution—as, in peace, couples see so very much more of each other!

Four weddings of general interest are, however, coming on. The first is that of the young American millionaire of nineteen, Mr. Leeds, who is to marry in London, probably at the chapel of the pre-war Russian Embassy, Princess Xenia of Russia, daughter of the late Grand Duke George and of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, who was the Greek Princess Marie, and Mr. Leeds' mother is now the wife of the Greek Prince Christopher, brother of the Grand Duchess George. There will be the wedding of Mr. Guy Benson, nephew of Sir George Holford and of Dowager Countess Grey, brother of Lady (Hereford) Wake, with Lady Elcho, widow of the late Lord Elcho, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; also the wedding of his youngest brother, Captain Constantine Benson, to Lady Morvyth Ward, second daughter of the Earl of Dudley (this will, I am told, not take place until the autumn); and the fourth wedding-to-be is that of Viscount Windsor and Lady Irene Corona Charteris, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, and sister-in-law of Lady Elcho. The Duke of Marlborough's wedding will probably be in Paris, and quiet, and the Hon. George Coventry's wedding with Miss Donne Phillips is to take place in Wales.

A. E. L.



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Makers to H.M. the King

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HORSE-SHOW JUMPING.—Continued from page 834.

been got moving sideways and slightly to the rear he will soon of himself go straight to the rear when asked. This lesson, when repeated a few times mounted, brings the horse back to his bridle when required, and counteracts the complete liberty of action he has otherwise acquired.

With the actual method of getting a horse to jump high obstacles I have not space to deal at length here, but, roughly explained, the Italian theory is that the rider can enormously help the horse by his position, and consequent distribution of weight in the saddle. I think I am safe in saying no practical horseman denies this theory, or its application to show-ring jumping. An examination of the illustrations will show the difference between the exaggerated show-ring seat, the Italian seat, and the English hunting seat. The exaggerated seat speaks for itself—it is simply an overdone copy of the Continental method. In the Italian seat (to be regarded now as the almost universal Continental seat), it will be observed that to help the horse to lift its quarters in clearing high obstacles, the saddle is placed rather forward. The seat

In the English hunting seat the weight is placed further back, and the man sits in the saddle. His weight is on his seat and his thighs, his grip at the knees. He leans slightly back when landing over a fence, and his hold on the reins is a trifle more decided. These two different styles have different objects in view. The show jumper has to negotiate certain obstacles, most of them high, which give on contact, and consequently must not be touched if prizes are to be won, though the danger from them is of no great moment. The ground he travels over is sound, and he is fresh and untired when he meets the obstacles. On the other hand, the hunter meets obstacles less alarming to look at, but more serious to negotiate. If he touches them lightly it is no matter, but if he hits them hard he falls, not the obstacle. He has many more jumps to negotiate, and the ground is anything from grass to bogland, varying also with the changes of the weather. Moreover, he is often tired as he comes to fences. Therefore a rider's weight carried *forward* must be detrimental to him when he lands in heavy ground, and most apt to convert a peck into a fall. It appears to me that the two seats are excellent for their respective purposes, but are neither applicable for universal use. Logically speaking, methods should be changed according to the purposes we propose to achieve.

"OUT TO WIN." AT THE SHAPTESBURY.

TORTURE - scenes always seem illegitimate in the theatre, whether their inventor is Sardou or some lesser luminary, and the scene of torture Messrs. Roland Pertwee and Dion Clayton Calthrop supply in their "crook" drama, "Out to Win," is no exception to the rule. Surely it is a queer taste that can get pleasurable excitement out of the spectacle of a man's being driven nearly mad by lack of food and sleep; that can enjoy the cruelty of brutes who, to wrest a secret from the poor wretch, stop his dozing



AT NEW ZEALAND'S CENOTAPH ON ANZAC DAY: A GREAT TRIBUTE OF WREATHS, INCLUDING ONE FROM THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN LONDON.

On Anzac Day (April 25), the anniversary of the Australian landing in Gallipoli, there was a great gathering around the Cenotaph in the Parliamentary grounds at Wellington, New Zealand. Impressive memorial services were held, and the people filed past the Cenotaph, laying wreaths until a large mound of flowers was formed at the base.—[Photograph by S. C. Smith.]



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Many house-hunters do not realise how easy it is to obtain a country home. Messrs. Browne and Lilly, Ltd., of Thames Side Works, Reading, provide portable bungalows which can be erected at any desired spot in a short time. The buildings are strong and handsomely designed. The firm also makes all kinds of other portable buildings, notably portable motor houses, which form an ideal home garage.

of the rider does not touch the saddle, his weight (and grip) is forward at his knees, and his back is hollowed. The horse has only the lightest of pressure on its mouth—in fact, has almost complete liberty.

get pleasurable excitement out of the spectacle of a man's being driven nearly mad by lack of food and sleep; that can enjoy the cruelty of brutes who, to wrest a secret from the poor wretch, stop his dozing

by means of syrens, tantalise him with accounts of delicate dishes and wines they are sampling while he starves, and only keep him alive on crumbs of bread and drops of water so that he may go on suffering. Apart from this, and the introduction of a bogus clergyman and two Bill-Sikes-looking spies, and a motor-car chase of the Drury Lane type, Messrs. Pertwee and Calthrop's drama of would-be thrills turns largely on the competition between two groups of financiers—one group fiendishly criminal—to secure a secret concerned with radium; and it must be said that, even on its own plane of sensationalism, it does not hold a candle to "Bull-Dog Drummond." Mr. George Tully acts the parts of the hero and his tortured double cleverly enough. Mr. C. V. France and Mr. James Carew present real contrasts in villainy. Mr. Fred Lewis, Miss Hilda Bayley, and Miss Edith Evans are also in the cast.



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Skidding.

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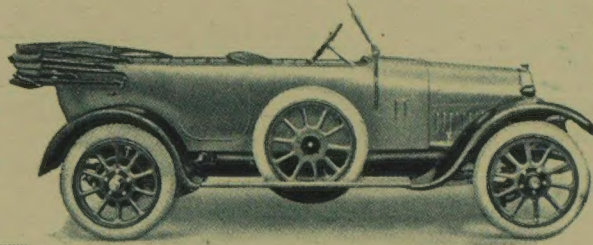
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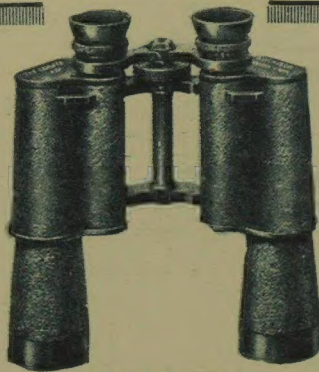
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Trial of the
Lanchester
"Forty."

Whatever may be the opinion of the individual in the matter of which is the world's "best" car—if there can truly be said to be such a car to-day—I doubt if there is anyone who would deny the Lanchester in its latest expression very high rank among, let us say, the first five or six. I know there is much room for the personal equation in judging this question. One will hold that a particular car has no equal, while another pitches his choice upon a different vehicle among the group which includes those aspiring to be known as "best." This simply means that it is to some extent a matter of controversy, and I, with certain recent correspondence on this very subject in mind, decline to be drawn into argument. But this I can say with perfect safety—that the Lanchester "forty" is well up in

some 200 miles in Surrey and Sussex—not a very severe test, it is true, but one which was quite enough to enable me to take a line through comparative performance.

The first real test was the climbing of Box Hill. Any reasonably efficient car will climb this hill at a good speed, but in the case of the Lanchester we surmounted the whole gradient on top speed, accelerating all the way up. There are cars which will do the same, but I do not know one that will do what the Lanchester did. At the second hairpin corner we just failed to get round, and had to bring the car to a standstill and drop back a few feet in order to clear the bank on the near side. After straightening out, the car picked up with perfect smoothness without a change of gear, and accelerated to 45 m.p.h. on the stiffly

rising gradient. This I regard as being a very fine performance indeed, the more so as it was certainly not due to the car being under-gear, for on a favourable stretch of level road she proved capable of a speed of over 70 m.p.h. The engine pulled wonderfully well and was quiet at all speeds, while the epicyclic gears are as quiet on the lower speeds as on top. Incidentally, one test to which the car was put was the engagement of the reverse gear while we were travelling at 40 m.p.h. I need not say what would have happened to the conventional gear-box in such case, supposing it were possible to engage the reverse; but the Lanchester epicyclic gears permit of this kind of thing being done. The rest of the trial simply consisted of an ordinary touring run down to the coast, and behaved like the aristocrat it is. I formed a highly favourable impression of its general running, with particular reference to silence and ease of control.

The Efficiency of
the Small Motor.

It is rather interesting to speculate upon the ultimate point which will be reached by the designers of the small engines which have been called into being by the taxation formula adopted by the Treasury. When this formula was first introduced it was laughed



ROUNDING THE FIRST "HAIR-PIN" CORNER ON BOX HILL:
OUR "CHRONICLER'S" TEST OF A LANCHESTER "FORTY."

front, and that any car which claims to be better, or even as good, must be excellent indeed. These reflections are simply the result of a recent test which I made of this very fine car, the trial extending to

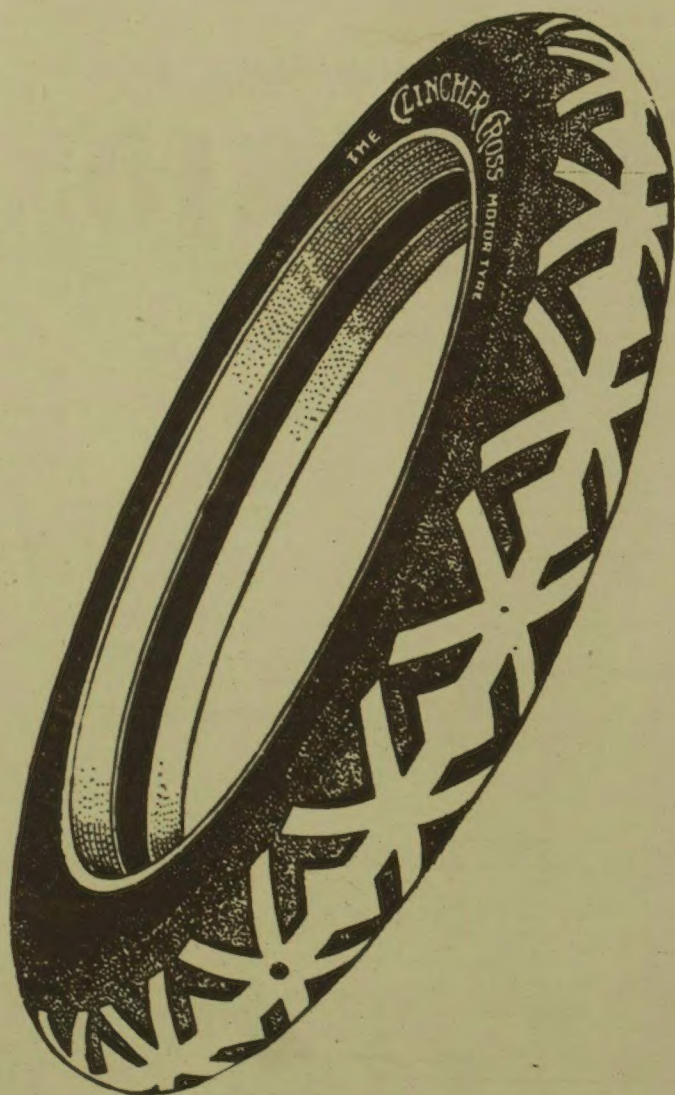
during which the car ran most satisfactorily, and behaved like the aristocrat it is. I formed a highly favourable impression of its general running, with particular reference to silence and ease of control.



WATCHED BY OVER 6000 SPECTATORS: THE ANNUAL SPORTS OF
MESSRS. HUMBER, LTD., AT COVENTRY—PART OF THE CROWD.

at as being utterly futile for power-rating purposes, since it took no account of piston stroke and rated all engines having a similar cylinder diameter as being equal in power output, which is, of course, absurd. When the Treasury adopted it, the natural consequence was that designers began to pay attention to securing high efficiency from small-bore engines running at high speed, and they seem to have succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the automobile engineer of ten years ago. Whether the limit has been reached I do not pretend to say, though it seems on the face of it impossible to get more out of these little engines than is being obtained now, as witness the records recently set up by Hawker, of cross-Atlantic flying fame. Driving an A.C. at Brooklands, he covered a flying half-mile at the astonishing speed of 105.14 m.p.h., and this with an engine of 60-by-100 mm. bore and stroke, rated by the Treasury formula at 11.9 h.p. I do not know the brake horse-power output of this engine of Hawker's, but it is certainly somewhat higher than its rating! And yet I understand that the makers

[Continued overleaf.]



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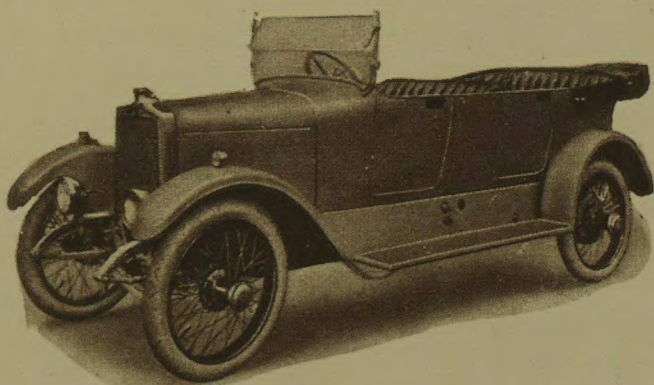
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THE NEW "FIFTEEN," which has been so well received by the motoring Press, has been fittingly named "The Aristocrat of Medium-Powered Cars," and is, both from the point of view of design, efficiency and finish, one of the finest products of the famous Clement-Talbot factories.

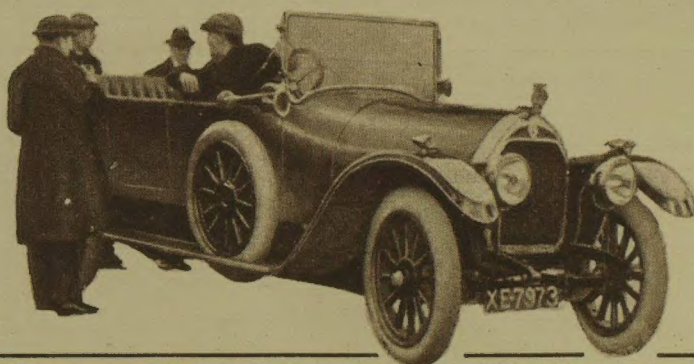
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Vide "Motor Owner."

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"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?" "Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4th, 1920. "After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16-h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY.' W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "Evening Standard," March 4th, 1921. "After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

"It is a very obvious 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' car." "Field," March 19th, 1921.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the Talbot-Darracq is the best 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' offer we have met with in the motoring world during many years of experience at home and abroad." "Financial News," December 8th, 1920.

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(Continued.)

of another light car are not at all unhelpful of even bettering this wonderful record; so that it would seem we have not reached the limit of the capabilities of the 1500 c.c. motor.

A Novel Use for a Car.

The motor-car seems to have rendered good service in many directions during the present shortage of coal. The Wolseley Company have sent me a letter from the owners of a Stellite, in which the latter say that "in the present coal crisis it has been of great benefit to us. Being unable to secure enough coal, we looked round for ways and means of keeping some of our printing presses going, and thought we would like to experiment to see if the Stellite car would do the work. It was somewhat difficult to arrange things, as it was impossible to get the car in our press room. Moreover, the drive having to go

through a door, it was only possible to place the driving belt on one of the back wheels. This little car has done really wonderful work, having driven four presses for the past fortnight. It has gone along splendidly from 8 in the morning until 5.30 p.m., with only $\frac{1}{2}$ hour rest during the day, and on two occasions the running time has been from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m., with a break of three-quarters of an hour at mid-day and an hour at 5.30."

The "Slump" in Motoring.

One hears a great deal about the slump in motoring just now, but it is difficult to believe in it when the A.A. announces that its membership has recently risen to over 160,000, and is still growing. I believe this figure shows that the membership has just about doubled since the end of the war.—W. W.

LORD DUNSANY'S "IF" AT THE AMBASSADORS.

EVERY man, Lord Dunsany seems to suggest in his quaint stage-parable, "If," has a core of romance in his heart which might burst into flame but for the taming influence of woman, and most of us are fain to believe that but for some hampering circumstance we might have been heroes of great adventures. This, at all events, looks like the idea at the back of what is on the whole a most entertaining and spirited piece of fantasy, with a Cockney clerk for hero, and a magic crystal to serve in place of the famous carpet as the vehicle for whirling him into an Arabian Nights atmosphere. The actors do the author good service. There is plenty of drollery in Mr. Ainley's personations, and even more sense of character and exhibition of temperament in Miss Gladys Cooper's portraits of Miralda.

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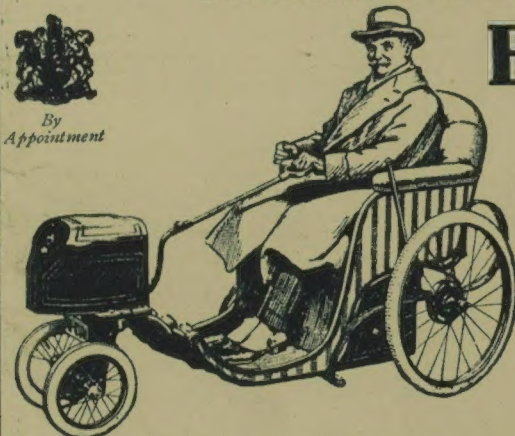
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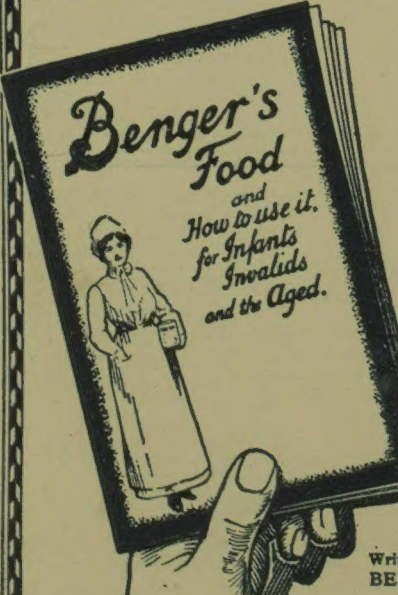


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


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